

# AMERICAN PRINCESS DONS JEANS TO HELP HUSBAND PAY DEBTS

Former Susie Whittier of Boston, Who Married Russian Prince Serge Beloselsky, Now Living in a Shack at a Mine in Siberia, Where Noblemen, Through Concessions, Expects to Regain Fortunes

IT'S a far cry from a sumptuous palace and vast estates to a shack in a cold and barren country, and usually only in story books are princesses subjected to such extremes. But as truth in many cases surpasses fiction so the case of the Princess Beloselsky transcends the inventions of romance.

This princess gave up her luxuries willingly and faced the hardships of a mining region with a brave heart. She is an American girl, a fact which accounts for many amazing things in her life.

Twelve years ago Miss Susie Whittier, a Boston girl, was married to Prince Serge Beloselsky in Paris and all her

friends were deeply impressed and she was called a lucky girl. Now they are pitying her and saying, "One more titled marriage followed by misfortune!"

But this was a love match, Miss Whittier having brought the Prince no dowry. The Prince and Princess got deep in debt, as they lived beyond their means. When the reckoning day came it was found that a change must be made and at once. The Prince gave up his palace and moved with his family into a shack in Siberia, where he had received a mining concession, and in working clothes he got down to work.

The Princess gave up her gay life in St. Petersburg without a murmur and has accepted her lot with a light heart. She has two children, and though their mining home is of the simplest she has taken up her new life with the adaptability of her race. They will be obliged to live there many years before the Prince's debts are paid off.

The Princess has had a suit of jeans made like her husband's and in this she goes out to the mines every day and watches the work. She is deeply interested in it.

The Princess's mother was before marriage Miss Lily Chadwick of Boston, a sister of Dr. J. R. Chadwick, and the Boston physician has said of his niece's action:

"I was not surprised to hear it, for Susie was devoted to her husband. Prince Serge. Some of the stories about the affair are erroneous. It has been stated that the Prince met Miss Whittier in Newport. That is untrue.

"He has never been in America. She met him at Pau, France, where she was spending the winter, about eleven years ago. Later they were married in Paris.

"It has been stated that Gen. Whittier was opposed to the marriage. He wasn't, but the family of Prince Beloselsky was opposed to the marriage. It certainly was not a case of fortune hunting, for the Prince knew full well there would be no dot."

In St. Petersburg Prince Serge and his wife led a life which was one long round of social pleasure. The Prince's uncle was the famous Gen. Skobelev, who was noted for his courage and bravery. He always rode a white horse, dressed in white and headed his troops. He evidently had a charmed life, for he was never even scratched in battle.

The Duchess of Leuchtenberg is the Prince's aunt, his father is an aide-de-camp of the Czar, and he himself was an aide-de-camp and master of the horse for the Grand Duke Vladimir.

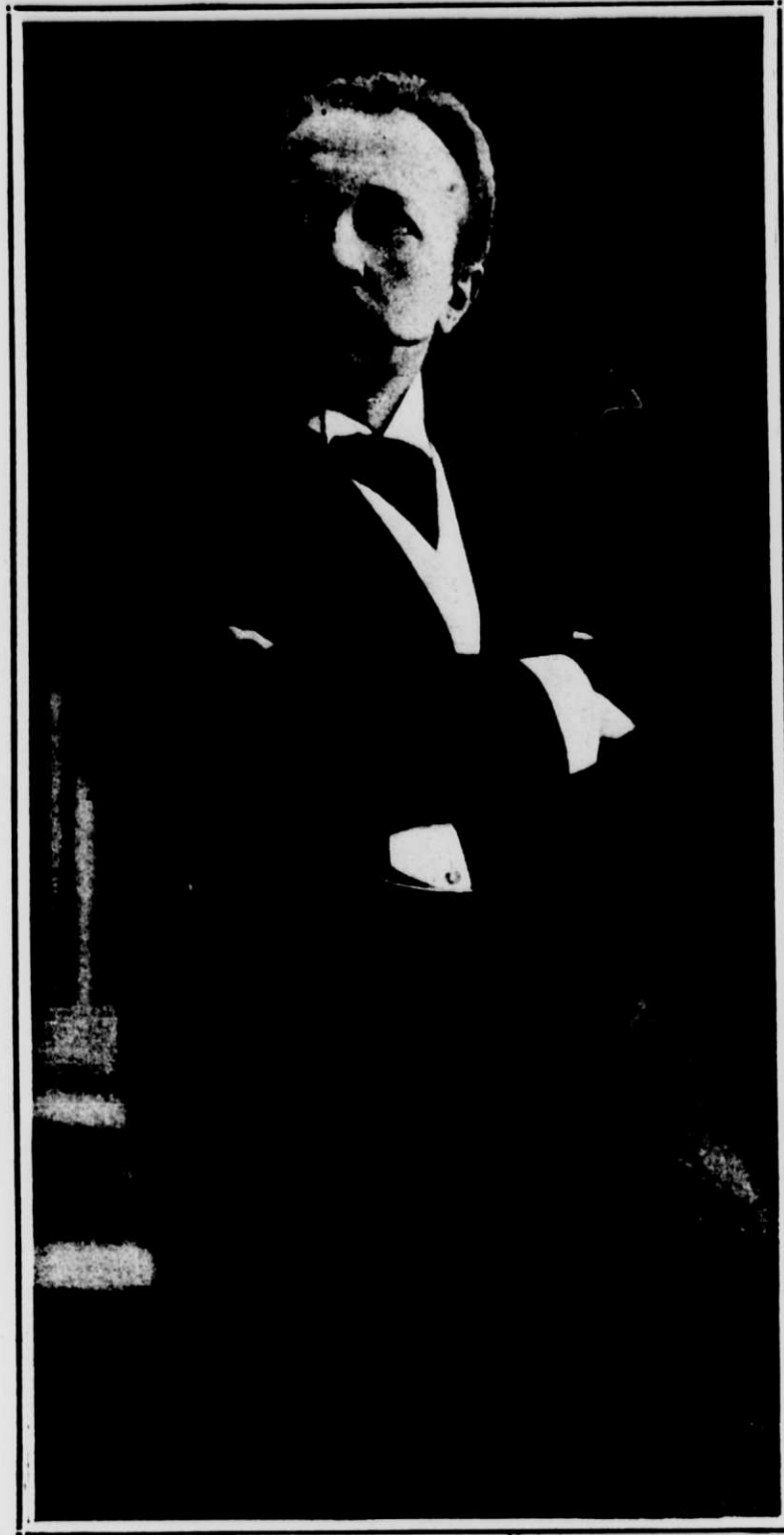
One of Prince Beloselsky's estates is a beautiful residence on the island of Kristovski in the Neva, at St. Petersburg. It was there the couple went to live. At once Princess Beloselsky became an interesting figure in the most fashionable suburb of St. Petersburg. She is tall and slender. It was a common saying in St. Petersburg that when she entered a drawing room she attracted no particular attention, but as soon as she began to talk crowds gathered about her.

When first married she spoke good French and she soon acquired Russian, and as she was simple and unaffected in manner, tactful and gracious she became very popular.

Everywhere in St. Petersburg the action of the Prince and Princess has been commended. A long time ago the Beloselskys intermarried with the Romanoffs, and because of this the Czar has shown favor to the Prince and his American wife.

Yet when Prince Serge learned that he was in debt he did not try to gain aid or position from any power behind a throne, but manfully decided to work out his own salvation.

## Count Boni a Salesman of Shirts



Count Boni de Castellane.

COUNT BONI DE CASTELLANE has at last decided that he must work. He has therefore become the agent for a large men's furnishing house of Paris, and now gets orders for shirts from wealthy Americans. The shirts sell all the way from \$8 to \$25 each, and Count Boni informs his customers that no gentleman ever orders less than five dozen shirts at a time, and that he himself always orders eight or ten dozen at a time.

He does it all very subtly, never posing as a salesman, just as a certain New Yorker used to sell wine to his society friends. By charming persuasion he induces his acquaintances of wealth to stop in and look at some new patterns for shirts at a certain fashionable place, as he intends to buy some himself.

He examines them critically and then

after praising the exquisite beauty of the patterns to his companion he orders a hundred shirts or more to be made up from the most expensive materials. He then asks the salesman to make the patterns exclusively his and promises to pay extra for this.

Then he asks quite casually, if his companion does not want to give the same order, as he does not mind letting a friend have copies of his costly shirts. The friend usually gets caught and duplicates the Count's order. Of course the Count does not take the shirts he has ordered; that has all been arranged beforehand, and he does get a big commission on the other man's order.

People in Paris have noticed of late how busily Count Boni has been conducting the friendship of rich American men, and this is declared to be the secret of it.

## FRENCH PASTRY CAUSE OF MUTINY ON BARK JENNIE D.

OLD John Brailey, retired master of a sailing ship, came out of the forecabin of a modern coast steamer with a mingled look of disgust and surprise on his face. He was on a visit to his son, a New York business man, and had gone to the waterfront to see how things are done nowadays.

"The crew was eatin' chocolate eclairs!" snorted the old man. "Think of it, chocolate eclairs for sailors! Thank God I quit the sea when sailors were sailors and not mollycoddles. Chocolate eclairs and such things caused my crew on the old bark Jennie D. to mutiny, but that was back in the '70s, before steamships had put the old sailing ships out of business."

"I'll tell you about the trouble I had with my crew because of French pastry. My brother George died and left his widow a pile of money. She went to France for six months and when she came back was prattlin' about French cookin' and especially about French pastry. I laughed at her and the upshot was that she sent a clothes basket of the stuff to the ship. We were then gettin' under way and I had the basket taken down into my cabin, not knowin' just what was in it. We had a fair breeze and dropped our tug in the lower bay. Havin' my hands full, I forgot about that basket until we were well past Scotland lightship.

"When I took the cover off the basket I found it filled with all sorts of funny little cakes and tarts and whatnots. There was a note from my sister-in-law telling me to try them and be convinced of the superiority of French cookin'." I cussed, and so did the mates,

for we were Yankee through and through and did not fancy foreign cookin'.

"I sampled a little cake with green icing on it and spat it out. Even our Portuguese cabin boy was afraid to tackle those green cakes and we didn't sample any further."

"Give 'em to the crew," I told the boy. "I don't believe in wastin' food, but I'll be hanged if I'll eat that stuff."

"Good corned beef and cabbage and once in a while a steak was my conception of high livin' in those days."

"The next day I noticed that the crew was actin' surly and takin' their own time in doin' their work. I wondered what the trouble was, but sailors were different in them days, and if I had asked for an explanation they would have thought I was afraid of them and got worse."

"In those days a captain was captain and a mate was mate just because, besides bein' good navigators, they could knock down the toughest sailor that lived. I never gave a berth to a mate without askin' him to show me that he could lick any sailor that walked. Generally I picked out the toughest one of my sailors and told the fellow that wanted a mate's berth to lick that sailor. If he licked the fellow and his papers were O. K. he got the job. If he didn't lick the sailor he didn't get the job and that's all there was to it."

"Well, when the crew got to actin' surly I told both mates to get busy. The second day of that voyage there were four fights. That sobered the men down for the rest of the day, but next mornin' trouble started all over again."

"The first mate, with the men of the port watch, was on deck, and Joe O'Neil, a mild mannered sailor, was at the wheel. O'Neil let go the wheel to light his pipe and let the ship loose. I never saw O'Neil do such a trick before."

"Throw over that wheel," the mate shouted to O'Neil as the ship veered off her course.

"You go to blazes!" says O'Neil. "I couldn't believe my ears. When the mate decided he had heard right he ups and clouts O'Neil over the ear. The sailor fought back, but the mate was a born fighter and very soon licked the starch out of him."

"Then I knew we was goin' to have trouble with the crew. If faithful O'Neil was lookin' for a fight only the Lord would know what to expect from the others. At the same time I didn't intend to give in and ask what the trouble was. I was glad we were only goin' to Boston."

"That afternoon O'Neil again got stubborn. The mate jumped on him and quicker than a wink the whole crew piled onto the mate. It happened at the changing of watches and every man was on deck and I knew right away we had a real mutiny to deal with."

"The second mate caught up a bar from the capstan and laid into the

crew. Wherever he saw a head he hit it and hit it hard too."

"In my cabin I had four pistols, all loaded. I got the four and was out on deck in a hurry. I fired at the crew and the noise of the revolvers took the fight out of them instantly. They quit poundin' the mate and backed up against the after rail."

"Now what in tarnation is wrong with you fellows?" I shouted. "I'll send every man of you to kingdom come before I'll stand for mutiny!"

"But the men was what you might call sufferin' from righteous indignation and none of them was much afraid. Joe O'Neil spoke up and told what the trouble was."

"You ain't treated us like sailors ought to be treated. You insulted us. We're hard workin' American sailors and we ain't goin' to stand for no such treatment."

"What is wrong?" I wanted to know. "Well," said O'Neil, "you're tryin' to make us eat that dude grub and we don't stand for no dude rations. We're willin' to eat moulty hardtack, same as any good sailor should be glad to do, and we ain't kickin' none because of the kind of salt horse we gets on this ship. It's a insult!"

"At that O'Neil ran down into the forecabin mess room and brought out that clothesbasket of French pastry."

"Here's what's causin' the trouble. We'd rather take a chance on bein'

hung from a yardarm for mutiny than to eat dude food for any skipper," he said.

"Well, I couldn't blame them much, for I wouldn't eat the stuff myself. We throw it overboard and there was no more trouble."

## Caring for White Silks

As all sorts of white silky materials are apt to be yellowed by continued laundering the following plan is worth trying:

Procure a piece of good quality white soap, make a strong cold suds, immerse the article and allow it to soak for half an hour. Then wash the silk well between the hands, but do not rub it on a board. If there are any badly soiled spots scrub them lightly with a soft brush. Rinse in several waters until not a trace of soap is visible, squeeze out some of the water, shake the silk well, though gently, and hang it where the air will blow on it; do not let the sun shine on white silk. When nearly dry, take down the silk, fold smooth and press on the wrong side with a warm (not hot) iron until perfectly dry.

Never twist or wring silk to get out the moisture; simply squeeze it gently between the hands.

Pongee and light colored rajah may be washed in the same way; only wait until they are bone dry before the ironing begins.



Princess Beloselsky.

## PARIS HAS STARTLING NEW MODELS IN LATEST WINTER MILLINERY FASHIONS



Black velvet hat with moire ribbon cockade.

The tower hat in black velvet.

Blue velvet hat with soft crown and egret mount.

Tete de negre velvet three cornered hat with two new styles of quill.

Dark green velvet hat with velvet ear.